PS 2464
.N6

101

# RESURGAM.

---

# HINDERED LIVES.

36652 T

V Nickerson

RESURGAM.

# HINDERED LIVES.

Emily J. Nickerson
of
Boston

# HINDERED LIVES.

BY

EMMA J. NICKERSON.

How many mid Life's shadows grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope,
For Lives are tangled at the best;
And hearts by sorrow oft' oppressed
That know no easing:
But even thus, we learn to say
"The hindered purpose of to-day
Makes stronger our to-morrow."

O, hindered lives! O, weary souls!
The sun is shining on your goals;
Above this tempest of unrest
Glad songs are waiting your behest
That have no ceasing:
Look up, and with brave spirit say
"Night shadows roll in mists away
To greet the Golden morrow."

How many those, who, all unknown,
Share burdens none may bear alone;
By Sorrow's hand God's gold is tried,
And all souls must be purified
Through Faith's affliction:
The World awaits Love's light to-day,
And all unconscious, while we pray,
'Tis breaking, for to-morrow.

Copyrighted 1888.

JUN 78

BOUND BY HNM

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 762 834 3